1871

WORDS JEAN INGELOW
SUNG MRS J H LONG

I

O fair dove, O fond dove

As sung by

Mrs. J. H. Long

Music by

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

BOSTON
WHITE, SMITH & Co.
298, 300 Washington St

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"O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE!"

WORDS BY JEAN INGELOW. MUSIC BY ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro moderato.

mf *rall:* *p a tempo.*

1. Me - thought the stars were blink ing bright, And the old brig's sails un furled: I - said "I will sail to my love this night, At the oth . . er side of the world." I stepp'd a - board we sail'd so fast— The sun shot up from the bourne; But a dove that perch'd up -

2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feed - ing his sheep for aye: I look'd in his hut all was still, My love was gone a . . . way I went to gaze in the for - est creek, And the dove mourn'd on..... a - pace, No flame did flash, nor

cresc: *cresc:* *mf*

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Poco lento con molto espress:

on the mast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. O fair dove! O fond dove! And
fair blue reek, Rose up to shew me his place. O last love! O first love! My

dim: e rall. *Poco lento.*

dove with the white white breast! Let me a-lone, the dream is my own, And my
love with the true true heart! To think I have come to this your home, And

pp rall:

heart is full of rest.
yet we are a-part.

3. My

pp rall: *mf a tempo.* *rall:*

mf

cresc:

love he stood at my right hand His eyes were grave and sweet Me-thought he said In

mf a tempo. *p* *cresc:*

mf *dim:* *agitato.*

this far land, O is it thus we meet! Ah, maid, most dear, I am not here, I

mf *dim:* *agitato.*

mf *f* *dim: e rall.*

have no place, no part_ No dwelling more by sea or shore, But on-ly in thy

mf *f* *dim: e rall.*

Poco lento con molto espress:

pp

heart. O fair dove! O fond dove! till night rose o-ver the bourne.... The

Poco lento. *pp*

dim: e rall.

dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.....

dim: e rall.